

(FIRST DRAFT)

APPOINTMENT WITH ADVENTURE

#16

JULY 17, 1955

"THE INVISIBLE TRAP"

SPONSORED BY: KENT CIGARETTES

AGENCY: YOUNG & RUBICAM

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C A S T

PAUL SLOAN. . . . .

LOUIS DUBOIS. . . . .

JEAN MARTIN . . . . .

MARIANNE. . . . .

CONDUCTOR . . . . .

S E T S

A Railroad Platform

Paul's room

A small restaurant dining room

A park path

Dubois' office

"THE INVISIBLE TRAP"

TEASER

FADE IN:

(SMALL RAILROAD PLATFORM IN SANGRES,  
BELGIUM...A VILLAGE SIGN ON A PLATFORM  
IS SEEN. A TRAIN IS PULLING IN JUST  
O.S. AND A FEW PEOPLE ARE WATCHING IT  
PULL IN. WE HEAR THE TRAIN STOP O.S.  
AND A FEW PASSENGERS APPEAR. A MAN AND  
WOMAN ARE GREETED BY AN OLD MOTHER AND  
MOVE OFF. WE NOW SEE PAUL SLOAN APPEAR.  
HE IS IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES...NICE LOOK-  
ING. HE GLANCES AROUND WITH INTEREST.  
ALSO ON THE PLATFORM IS JEAN MARTIN...  
EARLY SIXTIES..BENIGN FACED. WE SEE THE  
CONDUCTOR OF THE TRAIN HAND HIM A PACKAGE)

CONDUCTOR:

Bon jour, Martin. Here..before my train  
leaves without me.

(MARTIN TAKES THE PACKAGE...LOOKS IT  
OVER...PLEASED)

MARTIN:

They are all here?

CONDUCTOR:

Every cheese you asked for. Your  
Brussels' friend is accommodating.

(MARTIN PICKS UP WRAPPED BOTTLES AND  
HANDS THEM TO THE CONDUCTOR)

MARTIN:

Give him these when you get back, will you? The first of the new wine.

(SMILING) Yes...one of the bottles is for you.

(TRAIN WHISTLE SOUNDS OFF)

CONDUCTOR: (PLEASED)

Merci. 'Til next week...au revoir...

Martin. (AS HE GOES OFF..)

MARTIN:

Au revoir.

(MARTIN BUSIES HIMSELF OPENING THE PACKAGE. PAUL COMES UP TO HIM)

PAUL:

Excuse me...

(AS MARTIN LOOKS UP)

...uh, pardon.

MARTIN:

Oui, Monsieur?

PAUL: (SLOWLY)

A hotel. Can I...find...a hotel.

MARTIN: (SMILES)

If you like. We have one.

(LOOKING HIM OVER)

You were here in Sangres, with the Fifth Army?

PAUL:

No.

3.

MARTIN:

Some of them have come back. Most with their wives. They live the war again. (A LITTLE SURPRISED) You were not here, eh?

PAUL:

Well...not exactly.

MARTIN:

Not exactly?

PAUL:

I guess you could say I was nearby. Now...about that hotel...

MARTIN:

You're here on business?

PAUL:

(PATIENT AT MARTIN'S CURIOSITY)

I've already finished it...in Brussels.

MARTIN:

Then you're a tourist. You've come to see our vineyards. Good. Monsieur.... I introduce myself. I..am Jean Martin.

PAUL: (TAKES HIS HAND)

I'm Paul Sloan.

MARTIN:

A pleasure, Monsieur. And you must not go to the hotel. It is large...crowded... and on a busy street. You must come to my place.

4.

PAUL:

You're very kind but..

MARTIN:

I have a small restaurant and I rent rooms upstairs. You will be comfortable there.

PAUL:

Thanks...but I'll take the hotel.

MARTIN:

But you said you're a tourist and from my house you are next to everything you'd want to see.

PAUL:

(A SMALL IRRITATION)

I didn't say I was a tourist.

MARTIN: (SURPRISED)

Pardon, Monsieur...but since you said it was not on business..(SHRUGS)...it is my own fault. I am an old man who talks too much.

(WE SEE MARIANNE APPEAR FROM AROUND THE EDGE OF THE PLATFORM BUILDING. SHE GLANCES AROUND...SEES MARTIN)

MARIANNE:

Uncle. (SHE BEGINS COMING TOWARD HIM)

Did you get your cheeses?

(PAUL TURNS TO SEE MARIANNE AND HE FINDS

5.

HIMSELF LOOKING AT A LOVELY GIRL OF ABOUT TWENTY-TWO, NOT GLAMOROUS...BUT WITH A SOFT, LUCENT BEAUTY. IT IS AS IF SOMEONE PRESSED A BUTTON IN PAUL. HER REACTION IS STRONG ALSO...AND THE LOOK BETWEEN THEM IS ALMOST ELECTRIC.)

(BUT MARTIN DOESN'T SEEM TO NOTICE AND HE GETS ENTHUSED ABOUT HIS CHEESES)

MARTIN:

(LOOKING INTO THE PACKAGE)

Every one. The Brie..Camembert..and Gouda. (DISAPPOINTED) But there's no Gruyere.

(HE LOOKS UP...SEES THE TWO LOOKING AT EACH OTHER)

This is Monsieur Sloan, ..from America.

(TO PAUL) My niece...Marianne.

PAUL:

(FINDS IT HARD TO TAKE HIS EYES OFF HER)

Hello,

(SHE NODS AND NOW, EMBARRASSED...SHE TURNS HER EYES AWAY TO HER UNCLE)

MARIANNE:

I have the car. Are you ready.

MARTIN:

We go. (TURNS TO PAUL) A pleasant visit in Sangres, Monsieur.

(AS HE TURNS TO GO...PAUL CALLS TO HIM)

6.

PAUL:

Just a minute.

(MARTIN...TURNS...WAITS)

You were right about the hotel. I'd  
much rather stay at your place.

(MARTIN LOOKS FROM HIM TO MARIANNE FOR  
PAUL IS LOOKING AT HER AGAIN. MARTIN  
HALF SMILES)

MARTIN:

Of course.

(HE AND MARIANNE START OFF...FOLLOWED BY  
PAUL)

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL)